

Hound Haiku

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*For my lovely wife,
and Blossom: the Wampus-hound,
the horrible dog.*

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Hound Haiku

1

*The Wampus slumbers
in a warm square of sunbeam
on the highest stair.*



2

*Barking at raindrops
as they shake the dogwood's leaves.
She protects the house.*



3

*Daffodils in spring,
blossoms painting the meadow.
The Hound spots a bird.*



4

*A warm April day,
far too hot for walking dogs.
She rests in cool grass.*



5

*Swooping wrens alight,
and rouse The Hound from slumber—
but the bed is warm.*



6

Where are we going?

The Hound doesn't need to ask.

She knows: somewhere fun.



7

*Lying in soft grass
in gentle shade and shadow:
her water is cool.*



8

The hiss of warm rain.

Distant murmurs of thunder.

The Hound is prepared.



9

*Just across the creek
an unsuspecting mallard
enters The Hound's view.*



10

*Duckweed on the pond
motionless on still water
below The Wampus.*



11

*On the mountain's peak
The Wampus sits in triumph
over the valley.*



12

*Cleaned socks are folded
under Hound supervision.
She will steal a pair.*



13

*Sunlight in Autumn:
outer cold blocked by glass doors.
A warm place to rest.*



14

*From the highest stair
she gazes down from above.
She likes to be tall.*



15

*Her protruding snout
aims her gaze to its target.
What does The Hound want?*



16

*Atop the mountain
The Wampus takes a deep sniff
of cool morning wind.*



17

*Still white chills the field:
untold fresh and frozen smells
buried under snow.*



18

What's that in your hand?

Perhaps, a treat for The Hound?

May she please see it?



19

The snow is smelly.

*Her snout prods the frozen ground;
it is cold and wet.*



20

Her work is finished.

*All the cotton in the toy
has been extracted.*



21

*Approaching footsteps
rouse a once slumbering Hound.
She sniffs in protest.*



22

*Eve of the new year:
the ceaseless passage of time
troubles The Wampus.*



23

*A soaking wet Hound
escapes her towel, preferring
a vigorous shake.*



24

*She strains to chew it.
Will any bone satisfy
this Hound's endless greed?*



25

*After a full day,
the mischief of tomorrow
dances in her dreams.*



